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YOU DID NOT COME.

The sun was gliding down the western sky. The hours of day had almost reached their sum. Who kept the tray that was appointed? I! You did not come!

I sat and watched the evening's closing ray. The sunset woods were desolate and dumb. I waited till the last faint streak of day. You did not come!

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two—A ring—my letters, foolish, doubtless, some—Mere trifles! Yet I thought not so; and you—You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood; I heard the death-moth round the night-shade hum; A chilly loneliness froze my fevered blood:—You did not come!

'Twas at the call of war that forth you went. With blare of trumpet and with beat of drum; Your parting passed without a farewell sent—You did not come!

One word upon a scrap of paper writ—Of pitying comfort but a single crumb: It was not much, you might have spared me it! You did not come!

And so until the end of all arrives, I wander far apart—my heart is numb. Severed for aye the courses of our lives! You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before—The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum: The tray you kept not can return no more—You cannot come!

SYDNE ADRIANCE:

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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I waited in nervous anticipation for Philip. One evening he dropped in upon us to the surprise of Mr. St. John. I had asked him to keep my secret, and he did it excellently. There was a momentary confusion in welcoming him, and then Miss Keith was introduced. She was pale as a lily and kept in the shade of Mrs. Lawrence's flowing robes, but the hand she extended trembled visibly to watchful eyes.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Philip exclaimed, "Miss Keith and I are old friends."

"I did not know that," and St. John looked puzzled.

"We met last summer at Sulphur Springs." Then he paused and turned away as if moved by a sudden consciousness. She was silent too, and presently went to the table and took up a book she had been reading.

I did not design to have him remain long in doubt, but nothing ever happens as one plans it. Mr. St. John kept him engrossed the whole evening. I could absolutely have cried with vexation.

But I came down early the next morning and found him in the library. The happy face was grave and clouded, but he smiled at my entrance. A few common places passed between us.

"You don't look as if you had been very deeply troubled," he began. "If it would not sound like flattery I should feel tempted to tell you what I think."

I held up my hands deprecatingly, and said—

"I have found beauty a rather perilous dower."

"So soon?"

"Don't laugh at me. Be kind and tender and impartial, and help me to decide whether I have committed a great crime or not. For I do need a friend."

"My best is at your service, as you well know."

I told him the story of Hugh Graham's ill-fated passion, and could hardly repress my delight at the interest he displayed, all the deeper for another woman's sake, yet I had no selfish feeling about it. And then I spoke of Mr. St. John's comments.

"I do not see where you were to blame," he said with sweet seriousness. But I am sorry you and St. John disagree. Since you cannot help being beautiful, I suppose we must pity your misfortune. And it has been productive of some good, for it will save two people from an ill-assorted loveless marriage, and give to another—Sydney, I must tell you—I met Ellen Keith and loved her unwittingly. If I had known all then I might have spoken, but I believed I had no right. To hear that she is free—free, and he lingered softly over the word. "Yet how cold and shy she was last night."

"She would not flaunt her love in any man's face," I said warmly.

"No. She is purity and delicacy itself. And heroic too. Last summer she put away the tempting cup with firm hand. God only could know the anguish of her soul. It shall be repaid a thousand fold. So you see I cannot blame you."

The others were in the hall, and we went to breakfast. Ellen was pale as if she had scarcely slept. Mr. St. John remarked it.

"You are losing your roses," he said with kindly solicitude. "As the morning promises to be fine I think we must have a brisk canter over the hills. You will not mind the cold?"

Her eyes brightened at that.

"It will be different from the lazy rides we used to have when you were in New York," Philip said to me. "I second the proposal with all my heart."

We waited until the sun was making rapid strides in the blue arch overhead. It was a really delightful winter day with a crisp but not unpleasant air. Mr. St. John facetiously gave Philip his choice of a companion, and I fell to his share.

We had some odd, sharp skirmishing. I was in a splendid humor, too happy to be irritated by anything he could say. And somewhere on the road Ellen found her roses.

I fancied that Mr. St. John suspected Philip's penchant. They were left a good deal to themselves the remainder of the day and evening. Ellen ran into my room the last thing at night, blushing and happy, yet timid as a fawn.

"And so the prince won the princess," I exclaimed laughing.

"Oh, Sydney! Did you guess?" and the sweet face was pressed against mine.

"At Christmas, darling. Philip had unwittingly betrayed his part of the secret before. And since I had made one miserable, I longed to bring the other to happiness. Don't blush so pitifully, little white daisy, and keep my secret for Philip until your wedding-day."

"I wonder if it is wrong to be so happy?"

"Wrong, child? What are you dreaming of? When God brings the love of a brave, sweet, generous heart to you, would it not be ungrateful to mope and sicken over it? I love Philip so well that I shall be jealous if you don't give him every atom of your soul."

"Poor Hugh," she uttered the words with a soft sigh.

"Hugh isn't to be compared to Philip. I'm glad some one has come out right, for I began to fancy the world was in quite a jumble, every man and woman going the wrong way. What shall I wish for you, sweet?"

"You have given me everything. Do you know I never blamed Hugh for loving you? I could not help it myself. And Philip says—"

"No treason from Philip. I'm glad you are not jealous and love to hear his praises. Mamma Westervelt dotes on him. Now to bed lest your castle disappears."

She kissed me and went away. Hitherto I had lived much within myself, but now that I had admitted guests and given a feast, my sympathies widened and joy became a tangible thing.

How very happy they would be! She would suit Philip so perfectly, and his great manful soul would give her a worship that but few women ever give. I thought of Laura and her golden fetters, a mockery on marriage. Henceforward I should have some faith.

Ellen had arranged to return to Mont Arroyo on the following morning. Mr. St. John was to accompany her, and he extended an invitation to Philip, who was to go on to Washington afterward.

"I've hardly been civil to you," he said as we stood waiting in the reception-room for Ellen to come down. "I have left a host of things yet unsaid. Are you working out your own life problem satisfactorily?"

"Pray, do not demand too much of me," I said gayly. "I have been studying ball-room philosophy."

"You have a brain for better things."

"Does it matter much? One day follows another in purposeless confusion, and thus they go."

"Pursuing shadows. Will you recognize the great truths of life when you come to them? For if you passed them by and took the shadows, you would make an irreparable wreck."

"Do you see that in my face? Are we

not sufficiently friends for you to redeem your promise?"

He thought a moment, giving me a peculiar, scrutinizing glance.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and if I vex, you must be merciful and forgive. You have a strong, sweet, but haughty nature, intolerant of restraint, impatient, singularly reserved at times. Many people go through life scarcely taking an impression because all feelings are so easily effaced. It will not be so with you. You have an ardent temperament, tropical fire and passion in your veins, but you are proud to the last degree, and would endure what might kill another woman. With your affluent nature and manifold charms there will be much temptation to use your power, but oh, be careful. When you love—"

"What then?" for he made a long pause.

"I could almost pity the man you will love. You haven't much faith—you will try him sorely at times. Heaven grant that he may not be too weak for his destiny."

"Not very flattering, I must confess."

"But I do give you credit for power beyond what most women possess. You absorb all impressions rapidly, and therein lies the greater danger. You will the sooner exhaust pleasures and enjoyments, and then must come continual restlessness or discontented stagnation. It is a strange, daring, yet delightful nature to rule. If I could place you in the hands of a strong, patient, generous friend—"

"I think I shall prove sufficient for myself. I suppose I shall presently come to the level of other women."

"Heaven forbid!" he said earnestly.

"Peculiar people are always a trial. I returned with some feeling."

"You must learn not to be a trial. My dear friend, the grace of a patient spirit is worth striving for."

"I am not patient. I never could be."

"On the contrary, you *can* be. There, I have sermonized you and teased you, but I want you to know that no brother would ever be more ready to defend you than I. It is because I see great possibilities that I tremble."

There were steps in the hall and tender farewells. Mr. St. John glanced back once, questioning me with his eyes, all aglow with bewildering lights.

CHAPTER IX.

The good wait power, but to weep barren tears: The powerful goodness wait, worse need for them; The wise wait love, and those who love wait wisdom; And all best things are thus confused to ill.

—Shelley.

After Philip and Ellen had gone, we settled into comparative quiet. Holiday festivities were over, and we had been so gay that it was good to have a little rest. At least it seemed rest good to have more than one or two balls or dinner parties where we had counted them by dozens. Mrs. Lawrence was lovely and placid as ever, Mr. St. John changeable and puzzling. I knew he was glad to have his friend happy, and yet he appeared to hold a curious grudge against me on Hugh Graham's account. I could not seem to learn what course would have met with his approbation. I confess I did sometimes enjoy ruffling his lordly plumes. If people found me entertaining, and thought me handsome, why should I not bask in the golden sunshine of youth and pleasure?

Ellen wrote to me that their affairs had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Hugh was going to Scotland to visit some relatives, and her engagement was approved of by her aunt and uncle. The only trouble now would be leaving them. Philip was anxious for a speedy marriage, but she meant to wait until another fall at least. They had been acquainted but such a little while, and somehow she dreaded to make so important a change. I believe she would actually have given up her happiness even then, and I was glad that Philip possessed just the kind of frank, resolute nature to sway hers. He had such a cheerful fashion of finding his way through difficulties. Doubting Castle would not long be an abode for him.

And so the spring came to us. Long, lovely days, touched with faint fragrance, murmurous winds chanting ballads from orient shores, and that tender suggestiveness the world always presents when waking from its long sleep. Hardly blossoms nodding in early beauty, budding trees, and birds twittering softly or cleaving the air with their swift, glittering wings.

One day I received an epistle from the only schoolmate I had really loved, though we had not been very fervent correspondents. She reminded me of a promised visit and begged its fulfillment now, as she was about to be married. If I would only be her bridesmaid! There were several reasons why she wished this, and in any event she must have the visit. Did I remember our long talks at school, which had been the wonder of the other girls? She had never found just such a friend, and longed for me more than she could express.

Something in the letter roused my curi-

osity. No tender mention of her betrothed, no girlish hopes nor fears, not even hesitation. I cannot tell why, but I had always fancied Anne Sutherland one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and she certainly was worthy of a happy destiny. Had she gained the prize?

I went to consult Mrs. Lawrence. The fact of the Sutherlands living in an aristocratic part of the city, won an amiable hearing for Anne, yet I believe she would rather it had not happened.

"Really," she said with her sweet, half-indifferent smile, "you seem to be the centre of romance. Promise that you will not commit any folly yourself."

"The girls at school used to call Anne and myself 'old maids,'" I returned laughing.

"I think I am in no great danger."

"Oh, I expect you to marry some time. Only it is well to exercise a little judgment."

"Which means that I am not to fall in love with a poor man?"

"You still seem to consider the love a necessity," and her tones were as cold and as near to sarcasm as hers ever came.

"It is to me. I could never content myself with gilded shams, feast my material senses while my soul starved. I must have something real."

"My dear Sydney, your feelings are too strong. Many of the so-called love marriages are extremely unsatisfactory. Do not wreck your all on this fluttering phantom. It is as likely to be a sham as some of those things you protest against so vehemently."

"At least Philip and Ellen found it," I said triumphantly.

"Yet you see they were not governed simply by fancy."

"You suppose," I said warmly, "that Philip considered whether Ellen was rich or poor? She might have been altogether dependent upon her uncle for aught he knew. Or he might have had nothing beside his health and energy."

"Society is a kind of protection and voucher for these things. If one pays heed to its wise restrictions, one will never go very far astray."

Her dignified tone and air of superior wisdom amused me.

"Mrs. Lawrence, did you ever experience any temptation to love?" I asked.

"My mother committed that folly. She chose to be disinherited for the sake of the man she married. My grandfather overlooked it far enough to adopt Stuart. The other children, except myself, died young. I do not think my home was particularly happy, and when Mr. Lawrence, a wealthy West India merchant, made me a proposal of marriage, I accepted it with no regret, though he was forty and I but sixteen. He was proud of my beauty, kind and indulgent, and we lived together most comfortably."

Certainly she was neither faded nor worn. No trials or cares had dimmed the fair face. But could I endure such a life? The volcano at the bottom of my soul would find vent and scatter widespread desolation.

I took her pleasant cautions and advice in good part, and decided to go at the earliest date Anne mentioned, which would give me a fortnight still at Laurelvood.

Mr. St. John was very unreasonable and capricious about it. Our winter calm was breaking up into a March torrent. He sneered at love as a school girl's folly, and seemed to delight in vexing me when no one was by.

"You'll come back with your head so full of romance that we shall seem dimly tame and prosaic people to you," he said.

"I haven't complained of the tameness yet. On the contrary Laurelvood has been very gay, to my thinking; more so than it will be with the Sutherlands. Judging from my friend, they are a quiet household."

"I have not been quite correct in my selection of a word, perhaps. It was not exactly amusement that I meant. You and your friend will be up in the seventh heaven of bliss when you come to renew the vows made in your moonlight walks. I wonder she has not occupied more of your attention, Miss Adriance."

"We never made vows," I retorted angrily. "You draw too largely upon your imagination."

"Could any school girl pass through such an ordeal unfettered? You surprise me more and more."

He lifted his level eyebrows with an incredulous expression that roused me to a white heat.

"If you had been a woman, you would not misjudge us so abominably. Since you are incapable of forming a true estimate of women's regard for each other—"

"It is a pity," he interrupted, with his mocking smile. "I should have made you so much more desirable a companion, as I could then have understood all these little feminine virtues we men are so apt to consider absurdities."

"Doubtless the sex would receive a charming addition. Personally I am not in want of companions."

There was a pause, and I began to congratulate myself inwardly. He turned as if

to leave me, then said in that imperturbable manner, and a low, cutting tone.

"I am fully aware that friendship can do nothing for Miss Adriance."

"Not unless it brought those within my range who could be kind and courteous without considering it derogatory to their manhood," I retorted, bitterly.

"You have been most unfortunate, we will admit. Youth is not always the wisest season of life."

"It is owing to circumstances, not choice," I was angry enough to say anything.

"Allow me to congratulate you that events are likely to place you among more congenial companions. You have my best wishes," and with a haughty bow he sauntered through the hall.

I believe he takes delight in annoying me, making me the target for his satirical shafts. If I did not know that he could be gracious and tender, I could more easily forgive him. And then why does he sometimes take such pains to please me? It is a mystery, a book wherein the reader no sooner fancies he understands one page, before the leaf flies over and leaves him astonished at the change. The attractive and the repellent forces are so great in him, and he affects those with whom he comes in contact, so differently. There are times when I positively hate him—then again, I am drawn to him by a power that I cannot resist, and find him all gentleness. If he would always be thus.

The morning of my departure he met me coming down the stairs, and paused in the hall.

"You will return in a radiant mood, doubtless. Believe that I shall take great interest in watching for the day."

"I am not given to sudden or wonderful changes of temperament," I said, curtly.

"Only in temper," I said, curtly.

"As you like."

I would have passed him then, but he turned and crossed the hall with me.

"I've proved your stability, I think. At all events come back good-humored. I have almost forgotten how you look when you smile."

"It can be of little consequence, then."

"I kept my eyes on the marble tiles, and would not glance up."

"One likes to live in peace and charity with all men and some women."

That soft, peculiar sound in his voice. It sped through my nerves, but I would not allow it to move me outwardly.

"How cruel you are! At least, let us part friends," and he held out his hand. The deep eyes radiated crystals of light, for now I could not keep them from meeting mine.

It was my turn, however, and coolly ignoring the power that I knew I could control only for a moment or two, I said,

"I did not know we were enemies. I have not been considering the subject."

His face gloomed over with a strange expression. I could not understand whether he was pained or angry, and must have yielded in another instant, but Mrs. Lawrence came fluttering down, heralded by the scent of some rare perfume. She was to accompany me to the station.

"Good-by," Mr. St. John said, with gay carelessness. "I dare say you will be a convert to matrimony when you return."

I glanced back once after we were in the carriage. He was leaning against one of the fluted columns, twining a slender creeper over a trellis. There was a look of prideful longing and melancholy in the face that haunted me for hours afterward.

My journey was both rapid and comfortable, though having no companion I found plenty of time to speculate upon my friend. We had been room-mates, and drawn together by similar tastes and feelings. The clique headed by Laura Hastings never had possessed any attractions for her; indeed, she was a thoughtful, studious girl, with that rare self reliance that kept her from exacting much from those with whom she was brought in contact. Neat, orderly, and quiet, I found her really delightful for constant company.

Her mother had been an invalid many years. And Anne's ambition, it appeared to me, was to render herself capable of supplying her mother's place as far as possible. She had talked of the children and their domestic ménage, until I seemed to know them all, and experienced none of the awkwardness of going among strangers. But why she should have decided to marry so suddenly, and why she had made no mention of a lover in her previous letters, puzzled me not a little.

It was late at night when I arrived at Baltimore. Anne and her father came for me. Mr. Sutherland was one of those tall, quiet, aristocratic-looking men that carry generations of refinement in their faces. He gave me a cordial, high-bred welcome, and proved himself no less a gentleman than Mr. St. John, except that he was more formal. Anne resembled him in many respects. She, too, was tall, slender, and fair. Animation always rendered her pretty; but ordinarily

MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK IN THIRTY YEARS TO COME.

My book is out of date now;
You'll find it very slow;
For the people in it lived, sir,
Thirty years ago!

Thirty long long years, and now
Their faces all are strange;
For faces change like hearts, you know,
And time works many a change.

That one? Well that's myself—yes;
You'd never think it, now;
But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir,
Thirty years ago!

I hadn't any wrinkles then,
My hair was brown, not gray,
My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,
And I'm growing bald they say.

And this! Ah dear, how pretty, too,
That little tinted face!
It's faded like the rest, though,
And sadly out of place.

Dear! what a girl that was, sir!
Such eyes and such a nose;
Married, and went to India then,
She's dead now, I suppose.

This fellow, such a noodle too—
A hopeless kind of spooney;
He emigrated on a chance,
And made a mint of money!

And this one, on the other page,
Oh such a handsome fellow!
He took a fever at the Cape,
And died, they say, quite yellow!

My! what a handsome man he was!
Such eyes, with such long lashes,
Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too,
Such hair, and such mountaches!

The woman in the velvet gown—
An authoress, you know;
She wrote "The Bloody Secret" and
"The Murderer's Last Blow!"

Striking! Do you think so!
I never cared about her;
I met her but the other day,
Grown gray, and so much stouter.

These two, a happy couple then,
A bridegroom and a bride,
It was the fashion then, you see,
To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,
Thirty years ago;
She was a little haughty, they say,
And he a little slow.

Some say he was the cause of it—
That fellow all in gray;
It never was cleared up, you know,
But I heard she ran away.

And this, sir, is my "beauty page!"
There are a set of graces!
I never see such women now,
Such beautiful young faces.

That one, sir, with the curly hair,
She was a charming creature,
Such splendid eyes you never saw,
No fault in any feature.

And this one, on the other side—
Dear! how the colors fade!
She, too, was an old maid, sir,
She's living—was then a maid.

And that one with the laughing eyes,
And tresses black as jet—
How well I can remember her—
She was a sad coquette!

How has the cold world dealt with her,
Where has her life been set;
And have those laughing eyes of hers
With many tears been wet?

Who knows? I never saw her since,
And life is always so;
But the photograph was like her then,
Thirty years ago!

And this one, with the sunny hair,
And eyes divinely blue;
It is the dearest in the book,
The sweetest, and most true.

It isn't a face to draw, you see,
Or to carve in marble cold;
But a living face to blush beneath
A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about,
Or cut one's throat, and yet
It's the kind of face that having seen
It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now,
The way that all things go;
But I would have given my life for her—
Thirty years ago!

It's only a shadowed picture, too,
Of an innocent young face,
With nothing to commend it
But its gentle girlish grace.

But oh! the passionate longing,
As I see her smiling so,
Still swells within me, as of old,
Thirty years ago!

My book is out of date now,
You'll find it dull and strange;
For fashions fade like faces, sir,
And time works many a change!

A ship was sailing in the southern waters
Of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another
vessel making signals of distress. They
bore down toward the distressed ship and
hailed them.

"What is the matter?"
"We are dying for water," was the re-
sponse.

"Dip it up then," was answered. "You
are in the mouth of the Amazon river."
There those sailors were, thirsting,
and suffering, and longing for water,
and supposing that there was nothing but
the ocean's brine around them, when, in
fact, they had sailed unconsciously into
the broad mouth of the mightiest river on
the globe, and did not know it. And though
they seemed that they must perish with
thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh
water all around them, and they had nothing
to do but to "dip it up."

AUNT PHOEBE'S STORY.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

Jessie Beevor stood leaning against the
dressing in her aunt's cottage, with a very
decided frown on her fair, pretty face, a face
that seemed as if a smile would fit it better;
a cheerful, happy countenance, with sunny
hair, a broad, low forehead, and sweet brown
eyes. There was a singular likeness between
the petulant girl of eighteen, and the deli-
cate woman of forty, who while she went
on washing up her teacups, stole a look
every now and then at Jessie, only it seemed
that Phoebe Hawtreys' beauty must have
always had more of refinement in it. Stran-
gers who caught a glimpse of the remark-
able face, bending over her flowers at the
window, asked who lived in the little corner
cottage in West Acre Lane, and looked sur-
prised to hear it was only Phoebe, the car-
penter's daughter. The carpenter was dead,
and his wife too. His eldest daughter had
married Ned Beevor, the youngest, of
Shireburn, and Phoebe, the youngest, had
just enough to live on by herself in the cor-
ner cottage with the honeysuckle over the
porch. She did clear-starching for those of
the neighboring gentry not rich enough to
keep a laundry, to gain a little surplus to
help her poorer neighbors with, rather than
from need.

"What ails ye, child?" she said, when the
silence had lasted a little longer.
"You know"—the rosy cheeks flushed
scarlet, and the bright eyes filled full of hot
angry tears—"Aunt Phoebe, I thought I'd
get comfort from you; I saw mother telling
you all about it last night; it's shameful!
she says Paul has six strings to his bow!"
She burst out crying.

"Jessie!—the girl looked up and wiped
her eyes—"it's because ye want to go to
Aunt Fair with Paul Lewin, isn't it?"
Jessie nodded—she was still sobbing.

"Do you want to go to the fair with Paul,
lass, because ye love him, or that ye're
proud of being seen with such a tall, fine
young fellow?"

"I don't know," said Jessie.
"Would ye be content to bide at home if
Paul might stay along with ye?"

"I should think not, indeed!" with a toss
of the fair head.
Phoebe sighed.

"I'd never have come down if I'd not thought
you'd have taken my part. I don't care
much for Paul. Oh, aunt, I've heard you
were always to be seen everywhere, why
should I be buried out of sight? Mother
says she wants me to get married; I shan't
find a husband in the forge, and I don't
want to be an old maid; and then con-
science-stricken Jessie looked at the sweet
patience face, and the frown left her own.

"I hear your parson, aunt dear," and she
held up her mouth to be kissed.
"Jessie, I've a mind to tell ye a story,"
said Phoebe, smiling, "would ye care to
hear how it came about that I never married?"

"Mother says no one was good enough for
you, because you were so pretty."
"It wasn't that, though I was vain enough,
lass, at one time. Sit ye down, child, the
story won't be over just in a minute." She
drew her hand slowly over her face, and
rested her chin in its palm.

"I was about your age, Jessie. I might
have had the love of a good man. I'll tell
him Thomas, he's left the village, but I've
no right to make the sorrow I gave him pub-
lic. He hadn't spoken to me, but I knew
what he meant. I thought myself far too
good for him, but I liked to be joked about
him. You know where grandfather used to
live?"

Jessie nodded.
"Well, I was standing at the top of that
broken flight of steps that leads into the
lane under the big yew trees: it was grand-
father that shaped the trees round like an
arch, they used to go straight across from
side to side. Well, as I stood idling my tale,
I saw some one coming up the lane; a tall,
handsome young fellow with a bright sun-
burnt face, there was something in his look
that made me sure he was a sailor. He
stopped and asked me to be so kind as to
tell him the way to Bramley."

"I'd never seen any one so handsome,
Jessie. No one ever spoke to me in such a
worshipping way before. It seemed just
like one of the stories I'd read, against the
will, in a penny newspaper that I'd
found round a parcel. I told him the way,
and then he went on, though I stood watch-
ing him. He looked back often."

"I had been vain enough before. What
I grew to be after this, Jessie, I should not
tell you if I could. As it is, I'm talking of
myself more than is good for me."

Phoebe sighed.
"One evening I'd been drinking tea with
your mother. She'd not long been married,
and she was anxious to see me as happy as
she was herself. She'd asked Thomas to
drink tea with us. My head was full of the
handsome sailor, and I was cold and capri-
cious all the evening."

"I must go now," I said to your mother;
and I put on my bonnet. Thomas had gone
with your father, to look at something in the
yard. At the corner where the lane turns
toward the road, I found Thomas waiting. I
tried to pass; but he stopped me.

"Phoebe, you must let me walk home
with you this evening."
"It was still broad daylight, and he could
see how unwilling I looked. He walked
beside me, without speaking. His voice had
sounded so firm and determined, that I had
felt a little afraid of him."

"Presently he began again. 'Phoebe, you
know quite well what I have to say; you
have known it a long time. Maybe I ought
to have spoken sooner; but I felt uncertain,
I feel so still. Will you be my wife?'"

"For an instant I felt a soft pity for
Thomas; he saw this, no doubt, in my face.
We were in the lane quite alone, and he took
my hand and drew it under his arm."

"This brought my pride back; I pulled
my hand away.
"You behave very strangely," I said, in a
scornful tone; "I must love the person I
marry, and I never could love you."

"I walked up the lane fast, but he over-
took me.
"I was blundering," he said, humbly; "I
ought to have asked leave to win you; I do
ask it now, Phoebe."

"There was such a sad earnestness in his
voice; but before I could answer, I heard
speaking close by. I looked up. Looking
over the hedge I saw my father and the
stranger who had asked the way to Bramley."

"I seemed to grow mad with impatience.
"You have had your answer," I said; "I
never say no when I mean yes."

"I did not look at him; I was at the foot
of the steps, full of shy, fluttering vanity.
"This is my daughter Phoebe, Mr.
Stacey," said father.

"Mr. Stacey never said a word about
having seen me before; he'd come from Lon-
don to look for country lodgings. Mother
said there were none to be had in Shireburn;
however, he'd got the soft side of father,
and he found him a lodging at Pratt's that
same evening."

"By the time I'd been an hour with
Charles Stacey, I knew I liked Thomas best,
and yet I fought against the feeling, it
pleased my vanity more to be with one than
with the other. Thomas never offered to
take me anywhere, but Mr. Stacey was al-
ways finding out some amusement for me.
Mother interfered as much as she could, but
I would not listen. At last some of the gos-
sips spoke to father. He came into the
garden one day quite angry."

"Phoebe," he said, "go indoors; I've a
word to say to Mr. Stacey."

"I loved Stacey now, Jessie, with all the
heart I had to love any one, and he was al-
ways talking about his love for me; but he
had not asked me to marry him, and I sat in
the kitchen trembling, for I thought father
was going to be rude, and that perhaps I
should never see Stacey again."

"To my surprise they both came in smiling.
"Father took hold of my hand. 'There
she is, my lad,' he said, 'and when you come
home from next voyage, she shall be yours
altogether, if she likes.'"

"Stacey kissed me, and so did father, and
then I ran away to my room and cried. I
was happy, but it seemed to me that my
consent was taken too much for granted."

"At supper, said this to father. Stacey
had gone away early.
"Father pushed up his glasses, and looked
first at me, then at mother."

"From what I hear," he said, "you've
been wrong-headed and wilful, Phoebe.
Your name has got coupled with Stacey's.
You know best whether you wish to marry
him; but he shall marry you, or I'll know
the reason why."

"I thought father unkind; but I wanted
to be Charles's wife, so I did not take this
scolding to heart. When I met Stacey the
next afternoon, I thought him grave and
quiet."

"So you could not trust me," he said;
"my love would be just as true, Phoebe,
without a promise."

"I said nothing to father, Charles, and
you've made me no promise."
"That's true," he said; and then we
walked on. But that was a very silent walk.

Jessie: it was up Oak Lane, where the road
has been hollowed out, and the great tree-
roots long in all manner of twisted shapes
on each side. I remember the rabbits came
out of their holes, and scrambled across the
path in front of us."

"I came home less happy than usual.
However, the next few days were as bright
as ever; Charles had to join his ship at the
week's end, and so we made the most of
them. Mother seemed to have grown fond
of him now, and she never tried to keep me
at home."

"He went, and I fretted till I grew ill—ill
and thin and weak. You've been wonder-
ing what had become of Thomas all this
while. I suppose I tell things as they seem-
ed to me at the time, and Thomas kept out
of sight, so I never thought about him. Mo-
ther pitied me, but after a bit she got tired
of my idle ways. I'd stop up late looking at
the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of
things in her; and then lie a-bed of morn-
ings till my head ached."

"Phoebe," she said one day, "when you
were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to
me; but I've lived to doubt that."

"Her voice had a sad touch in it that set
my heart quivering; I put my arms round
her. 'I'll do better,' I said, 'you'll see I
will, mother.'"

"Well, I did; I fought as hard as I could;
but my love grew every day; it seemed as if
I cared only for what put me in mind of
Stacey. I'd got one letter from him, and I
used to read that over till I knew it by
heart, and then still I read it to see the
writing."

"Sometimes I saw Thomas, but he never
spoke to me.
"The year passed over. One day—a
bright summer day like this, Jessie—I mind
now how the white roses were all in their
beauty; mother and I had brought our
needlework, and were sitting in the door-
way, and father sat on the garden bench
spelling a newspaper he'd got from the
'Fox'—it was some days old, and he read us
out bits of news I'd heard already."

"Hullo, Phoebe," he called out, "there's
news."
"I was looking over his shoulder in an in-
stant. He pointed out the place with his
finger, but the lines all danced about; it was
a minute or so before I dared that the *Niger*
—that was Stacey's ship—was safe at Port-
smouth."

"My heart on a sudden fell like lead,
Jessie, from the joy which had lifted it up.
Stacey must have been home a good week,
and he had neither come to Shireburn nor
written to me."

"But father seemed not to have heeded
this; he gave me a kiss, and said he sup-
posed he must have a new coat for the wed-
ding; and then he took up the paper and
was going back to the 'Fox' with it."

"Just let me look once more," I said.
"Father stroked my hair as I stooped
down to read."

"Goldlocks," said he. When I was little,
Jessie, I got the name from the flower you
mind in the fr-wood."

"Somehow, I shrank into myself; it
seemed as if the glory and pride of my hair
and of my good looks was taken away."

"I suppose I looked strange standing so
still there—under the yew-trees—just where
father left me. Ah, yes, and I was thinking
too, just where Stacey had left me on that
sunny morning a year ago."

"What is it, child?" mother said.
"I'm dazed like, it's come so sudden;
and I made an excuse to go indoors."

"A week passed on, and no word from
Stacey. And what made his silence harder
to bear was the village talk. Jessie. Father
had gone to the village that day full of his
news; and I was questioned and wished joy,
till I hardly knew how to keep a calm face
in answer; my heart felt as if it must break.
It seemed to me he might be dead, left be-
hind in the great sea, and I should never—
never have the love I had so longed for."

"Mother got anxious too; I knew it by
the tender, pitiful way she spoke; but she
was timid, was mother, and she shrank from
open speaking."

"When the week's end came, I had got
desperate. Mother and I were in the
kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps;
the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't
make two flutings alike. I searched it badly
at last, and I set down the gaufring-iron,
and burst out crying. Then mother spoke
in a sudden, new way to me, a way which
took me back, lass, to times when I used to
bring her home cowslip posies from the
meadows."

"Leave work, Jessie darling; come and
sit ye down by mother, and tell what ails
ye." And there I was sitting on my little
stool at her knee hiding my face in her lap.
She let me sob on, and then she whispered—
"Ye want to know the rights o' this,
lass, and so do I; I'm thinking of going to
London."

"I left off sobbing in wonder. Mother,
who had never been farther than Guildford
in her life!—mother, who rarely ventured
to set up an opinion of her own against
father or me."

"Yes, dear; one is going up to-morrow
as 'ull take charge o' yer mother, Phoebe,
and bring her back safe; one who's always
been true to me and mine, lass."

"I did not care to guess: I was too much
interested.
"I'll make all right with father," she
whispered. It seemed to me she kissed the
words into my cheek. 'I know where to go.
I'll not come home, lass, without
news.' I put my arms close around her; I
seemed to have twice the mother I had had
before."

"She was off before six next morning.
She wouldn't let me go even to the turn of
the lane with her."

"The two days that came after were so
long, Jessie; I worked harder than I'd done
in life before, so as to make them go; but
they wouldn't—till I was so weary I was
faint to sit down on the top of the steps, and
watch the gold light change into crimson,
while the sun set behind the oak-trees up
yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire,
as if the sun himself was shining blood-red
through their leaves, and then the crimson
grew duller and duller. It had changed to
gray when I saw mother coming up the lane.
She was out of breath with walking, and I
couldn't get a word out. I took her bundle
and followed her up the steps."

"Father was in the village, and I sat
mother in his chair, and pulled off her bon-
net and shawl, and fetched her cap and
apron, and got her a cup of tea.
"Her face spoke she had no good news,
and I daredn't ask."

"Phoebe, I've thought to tell ye," she was
half-crying with vexation. 'I've broke my
word to ye, darling, but it wasn't fault of
mine.'"

"And then I heard how she'd seen Stacey's
cousin, Mrs. Green, a well-to-do person she
said. Stacey had come home in the *Niger*,
but he'd only stayed two days in London,
and he'd gone back to Portsmouth. Mother
stopped here, and looked at me. But the
sudden joy of hearing that he was alive and
in England swept away my fears."

"You hear how he looked, mother
dear?"
"I'd poured out a cup of tea for her; in-
stead of answering me, she turned away and
drank it. I wanted to see her face, and I
thought she'd never raise it from her tea-
cup."

"Look here, Phoebe"—she didn't look at
me, she began to play with her teaspoon;
"don't be angry, but I'm doubting if Stacey's
all we thought him. One went to London
with me, lass, who'll bring us news from
Portsmouth to-morrow."

"A sudden new light came to me.
"Mother, if you've sent Thomas to spy
out Stacey's actions, he'll bring ye false
news: I'll not believe a word."

"It was wicked and ungrateful, too,
after mother's great kindness. Ah, my lass,
if you could know how every sharp word
you've given your mother 'ull stick when
she's gone from you, maybe ye'd not be so
ready with 'em."

"I hardly spoke to mother these two
days; it seemed to me she'd done a wrong to
Stacey."

"What right had we to judge him? No
doubt he had business at Portsmouth, and
was waiting to end it, so as not to leave me
again; and suppose he should find Thomas
out, it would seem as if I had set a spy to
watch him. I was mad with anger."

"Next evening came, but not Thomas.
The morning after, I'd gone down to Pratt's
shop for mother; as I passed our window,
coming in, I heard voices. Father was al-
ways in the workshop at that time o' day. I
went cold and hot, Jessie, something told
me my fate was come on me."

"I walked into the kitchen boldly, but I
knew my cheeks were white, and my head
swam round and round."

"Thomas and I looked at each other, but
he only spoke to mother."

"I'll go, Mrs. Hawtreys. You'll tell her
best alone."

"Jessie, it was as if the evil one got loose
in me. I flamed up scarlet. I could have
struck Thomas."

"You mean fellow?" I said, "to bring a
false tale here of an honest man than
yourself, and then not to have courage to
stand by it?"

"Thomas looked at me, deep down into
my eyes, till I could not bear the firm,
strong gaze of him. I'd often thought him
manful and sturdy, but I'd never feared him
as his look made me fear him now, and yet
he spoke tenderly than mother even."

"My poor girl, I'll tell you the tale if
you wish. It's your sorrow, Phoebe, I can't
face."

"Tell away," I said, as hard as a stone.
"Did he think I would show my sorrow
before him?"

"I grew cold while I listened. My lover
—my Charles, as I called him—was married
a fortnight past to a girl he'd promised him-
self to before he ever saw me; and worse

than that, there was more than one that
claimed him—girls he'd made believe he
loved."

"Something in the quiet, pitiful way he
told it stamped it into my heart for truth,
but I struggled still."

"I'll not believe you. Mother, don't be-
lieve this false tale; who's to prove it?"
"Thomas looked at my mother. The
tears were running down her cheeks."

"Go your ways, my lad," she said, softly.
"She'll thank you some day."

"She did not mean me to hear; but my
ears were always quick, lass. I ran after
Thomas."

"Don't think it," I said, in my passion.
"Once I thought you a good man, though I
did not love you; now I know you for the
coward you are, and I despise you."

"He went away. When I went back in
the kitchen, I saw mother held a letter in
her hand."

"Take it to yourself, my poor lamb, and
read it." And then it seemed as if the kitchen
went round with me, as I stood in it alone
with Stacey's letter."

Phoebe paused and pulled an old letter out
of her pocket.

"Last night, Jessie, your mother told me
about you and Paul, and I promised her that
if it was only for vanity and not for love
you were so set on being with him, I'd tell
you my sorrow from beginning to end. I
keep this letter to correct myself with, lass.
By God's blessing, it may serve your turn
too." She put it into the girl's hands, and
Jessie read:—

DEAR PHOEBE.—The bearer of this says
you won't believe I'm married unless I send
you word myself. I follow his wishes in
writing this, though I believe you are far
too sensible to care. As you yourself said,
there never was a promise betwixt us, and
I knew you felt that our little flirtation was
only meant to last for our mutual amuse-
ment. But I hope you will consider me,
and allow me to sign myself, your sincere
friend,
CHARLES STACEY.

Jessie's tears dropped fast as she gave her
aunt the letter.

"Didn't Thomas come back?" she said,
presently.

Phoebe shook her head; there was a half-
sob in her voice as she answered—
"Never again, child. He went next day
from Shireburn. I've heard he's been over
twice, but each time I've been away. I'd
like to ask his pardon, Jessie, but it may be
we two shall never meet again."

She spoke solemnly, and the girl felt
abashed.

"I'll do better," she whispered. "Mo-
ther had warned me about Paul, and still I
didn't mind; but I will mind her now, Aunt
Phoebe."

Giving Away the Baby.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

It was the third day after my husband's
funeral (said the widow,) and I was so much
stunned by his sudden death that I could do
nothing but sit and think over it, and try to
realize how it could be so. Only the Sun-
day before he had been sitting with me,
watching the baby as it sat in the sunshine,
laughing and clapping its little hands as the
shadows of the trees were flung across the
bare floor and moved by the passing breeze.
Now the child was sitting in the same place,
the warm October sun streaming in on his
bright curls and making him look so pretty
—so like a picture; but his father had gone
from us forever."

It seemed to me I must see his dear face
once more; that he would surely lift the
latch and come in, and take our child up,
and say, as he often did: "Mother, what
would you take for this little brother?"

Even the baby missed him, and would
come and stand at my knee, calling, "Papa!
papa!" until I thought my heart would
break. The two oldest children were at
school, the rest were out playing, so that I
was quite alone. By-and-by the baby was
tired of his play and came and got into my
lap.

"Mamma cry—mamma mustn't," he lisped
out, and

riding, and he clapped his hands and laughed at the horses as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother (the children supposed he was to come back soon,) and he never even looked at me. Oh! how jealous my aching heart grew.

When I came back into the house, the first thing my eyes fell upon was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the truth to the children. None of them seemed to care when the oldest returned from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest one took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, and gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

The day ended, as the longest will, at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down-stairs to sleep near me since his father's death; the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him, Willie raised up at last, and said, earnestly,

"Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know it's for the best; but it's so hard to give him up."

"Mother," continued the child, "when father died we knew it was for the best, because God took him from us; but I've been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love and keep him, and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?"

The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively:

"Oh! if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be."

The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said:

"Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him cry now."

Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went around to the sitting-room and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"Come to mother," Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms!

"I cannot give him up," I said at last when I could get my voice clear; "you must let me take him home."

They evidently thought me one of the silliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby in my arms all the way.

When I had laid him down in bed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and he reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said:

"God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again!" And I never did.

I have no need to tell how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me, they withheld. I think for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, who had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials, and often not a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together.

All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we knew that it was for the best. The rest married in the course of time and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away.

A French Miser.

The misers of Paris are not all on the stage or in novels. One of them owns a house which he rents out piecemeal, furnished.

Lately, a literary man came to him for a floor.

"What is your business?" inquired the landlord.

"A literary man."

"Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise, or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

"On the contrary, I never go out."

"Can't let you have the place then?"

"And why not?"

"Because you fellows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

Madame De Stael cordially hated Talleyrand, and in her story of "Delphine" was supposed to have painted herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, "They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

NORA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The climbing vines twined up and hid the wall,
Ran o'er and o'er the wall
Of that old ruined hall,
Where Nora walked with me—
The winds made music through the beeches tall,
Blowing up from the sea.

The summer sunbeams fell upon her face,
As through that shady place
She walked in quiet grace,
And lifted her brown eyes
Where, twining their green arms in close embrace,
You oaks and maples rise.

And all the glory of those summer days
Swam o'er in golden haze,
And lighted up the ways
Where she beside me trod,
And the blue sky grew jubilant with praise,
Bird- anthems sung to God.

Now on the wall grow ripe the purple grapes,
And clinging ivy drapes
With its fantastic shapes
The ruined hall of stone,
And one bright seraph looking downward weeps
That I must walk alone.

The yellow bees go humming all the day,
And through the meadows stray
Young children at their play,
Gathering their posy-bands,
And crushing blossoms brighter than in May,
Within their dimpled hands.

They wander gayly by the singing brook,
And pause at each fair nook,
To watch, with anxious look,
Some wild flower in the grass,
Some tiny bud, which other friends forsook,
That brightens as they pass.

Time was, sweet souls, when I was glad as ye—
When Nora walked with me,
And looking on the sea
We bowed our heads at prayer,
Blessing the very winds that swept the lea,
And lifted up her hair.

My heart grows weary as I watch your play,
For ever, far away,
I see the sunshine stray,
Kissing a moss-grown stone,
Above my Nora's brow, ah, well-a-day!
And so my heart makes moan.

If I could pull the lush red strawberries,
Or dip with my knuckle the dew from the leaves,
The flower-bespangled leaves,
I miss her low-voiced calls,
And when I gather May-blossoms for the bees,
No shadow near me falls.

Play on, sweet souls, and I will make my moan,
In such low-whispered tone,
That, walking all alone,
I shall not pain your ears,
And only flowers about this hall of stone
Will spring up from my tears.

My Late Senatorial Secretaryship.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I am not a private secretary to a Senator any more, now. I held the berth two months in security and in great cheerfulness of spirit, but my bread began to turn from over the water, then—that is to say, my works came back and revealed themselves. I judged it best to resign. The way of it was this. My employer sent for me one morning tolerably early, and as soon as I had finished inserting some comendments clandestinely into his last great speech upon finance, I entered the presence. There was something portentous in his appearance. His cravat was untied, his hair was in a state of disorder, and his countenance bore about it the signs of a suppressed storm. He held a package of letters in his tense grasp, and I knew that the dreaded Pacific mail was in. He said:

"I thought you were worthy of confidence."

I said: "Yes, sir."

He said: "I gave you a letter from certain of my constituents in the state of Nevada, asking the establishment of a post office at Baldwin's Ranch, and told you to answer it, as ingeniously as you could, with arguments which should persuade them that there was no real necessity for an office at that place."

I felt easier. "Oh, if that is all, sir, I did do that."

"Yes, you did. I will read your answer, for your own humiliation."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: What the mischief do you suppose you want with a post office at Baldwin's Ranch? It would not do you any good. If any letters came there, you couldn't read them, you know; and, besides, such letters as ought to pass through, with money in them, for other localities, would not be likely to get through, you must perceive at once; and that would make trouble for us all. No, don't bother about a post office in your camp. I have your best interests at heart, and feel that it would only be an ornamental folly. What you want is a nice jail, you know—a nice, substantial jail and a free school. These will be a lasting benefit to you. These will make you really contented and happy. I will move in the matter at once.

Very truly, etc.

For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

That is the way you answered that letter. Those people say they will hang me, if I ever enter that district again; and I am perfectly satisfied they will, too."

"Well, sir, I did not know I was doing any harm. I only wanted to convince them."

"Ah, well, you did convince them. I make no manner of doubt. Now, here is another specimen. I gave you a petition from certain gentlemen of Nevada, praying that I would get a bill through Congress incorporating the Methodist Episcopal Church of the state of Nevada. I told you to say, in reply, that the creation of such a law came more properly within the province of

the State Legislature; and to endeavor to show them that, in the present feebleness of the religious element in that new commonwealth, the expediency of incorporating the church was questionable. What did you write?"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: You will have to go to the State Legislature about that little speculation of yours—Congress don't know anything about religion. But don't you hurry to go there, either; because this thing you propose to do out in that new country isn't expedient—in fact, it is simply ridiculous. Your religious people there are too feeble, in intellect, in morality, in piety—in everything, pretty much. You had better drop this—you can't make it work. You can't issue stock on an incorporation like that—or if you could, it would only keep you in trouble all the time. The other denominations would abuse it, and "bear" it, and "sell it short," and break it down. They would do with it just as they would with one of your silver mines out there—they would try to make all the world believe it was "wildcat." You ought not to do anything that is calculated to bring a sacred thing into disrepute. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—that is what I think about it. You close your petition with the words: "And we will ever pray." I think you had better—you need to do it.

Very truly, etc.

For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

That luminous epistle finishes me with the religious element among my constituents. But that my political murder might be made sure, some evil instinct prompted me to hand you this memorial from the grave company of elders composing the Board of Aldermen of the city of San Francisco, to try your hand upon—a memorial praying that the city's right to the water-lots upon the city front might be established by law of Congress. I told you this was a dangerous matter to move in. I told you to write a non-committal letter to the Aldermen—an ambiguous letter—a letter that should avoid, as far as possible, all real consideration and discussion of the water-lot question. If there is any feeling left in you—any shame—surely this letter you wrote, in obedience to that order, ought to evoke it, when its words fall upon your ears:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1867.

To the Hon. Board of Aldermen, etc.

GENTLEMEN: George Washington, the revered Father of his Country, is dead. His long and brilliant career is closed, alas! forever. He was greatly respected in this section of the country, and his untimely decease cast a gloom over the whole community. He died on the 14th day of December, 1799. He passed peacefully away from the scene of his honors and his great achievements, the most lamented hero and the best beloved that ever earth hath yielded unto Death. At such a time as this, you speak of water-lots—what a lot was his!

"What is fame? Fame is an accident. Sir Isaac Newton discovered an apple falling to the ground—a trivial discovery, truly, and one which a million men had made before him—but his parents were influential, and so they tutored that little circumstance into something wonderful, and, lo! the simple world took up the shout, and, in almost the twinkling of an eye, that man was famous. Treasure these thoughts."

Poetry, sweet poetry, you shall estimate what the world owes to thee!

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow—

And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

Jack and Gill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

For simplicity, elegance of diction, and freedom from immoral tendencies, I regard those two poems in the light of gems. They are suited to all grades of intelligence, to every sphere of life—to the field, to the nursery, to the guild. Especially should no Board of Aldermen be without them.

Venerable fossils! write again. Nothing improves one so much as friendly correspondence. Write again—and if there is anything in this memorial of yours that reaches to anything in particular, do not be backward about explaining it. We shall always be happy to hear you chirp.

Very truly, etc.

For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

That is an atrocious, a vulgar epistle! Distraction!

Well, sir, I am really sorry if there is anything wrong about it—but—but it appears to me to dodge the water-lot question."

Dodge the mischief! Oh!—but never mind. As long as destruction must come now, let it be complete. Let it be complete—let this last of your performances, which I am about to read, make a finality of it. I am a ruined man. I had my misgivings when I gave you the letter from Humboldt, asking that the post route from Indian Gulch to Shakspeare Gap and intermediate points, be changed partly to the old Mormon trail. But I told you it was a delicate question, and warned you to deal with it delicately—to answer it delicately, and leave them a little in the dark. And your fatal ineptitude impelled you to make this disastrous reply. I should think you would stop your ears, if you are not dead to all shame!"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: It is a delicate question about this Indian trail, but, handled with proper deftness and dubiousness, I doubt not we shall succeed in some measure or otherwise, because the place where the route leaves the Lassen Meadows, over beyond where those two Shawnee chiefs, Dilapidated-Vengeance and Biter-of-the-Clouds, were scalped last winter, this being the favorite direction to come, and others preferring something else in consequence of things, the Mormon trail leaving Mosby's at three in the morning and passing through Jackstone Flat to Bluecher, and then down by Jug Handle, the road passing to the right of it, and naturally leaving it on the right, too, and Dawson's on the left of the trail

where it passes to the left of said Dawson's, and onward thence to Tomahawk, thus making the route cheaper, easier of access to all who can get at it, and compassing all the desirable objects so considered by others, and, therefore, conferring the most good upon the greatest number, and, consequently, I am encouraged to hope we shall. However, I shall be ready, and happy, to afford you still further information upon the subject, from time to time, as you may desire it and the Post Office Department be enabled to furnish it to me.

Very truly, etc.

For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

There—now, what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. It—well, it appears to me—to be dubious enough."

"But leave the house! I am a ruined man. Those Humboldt savages never will forgive me for tugging their brains up with that inhuman letter. I have lost the respect of the Methodist Church, the Board of Aldermen—"

"Well, I haven't anything to say about that, because I may have missed it a little in their cases, but I was too many for the Baldwin's Ranch people, General!"

"Leave the house! Leave it forever and forever, too!"

I regarded that as a sort of covert intimation that my services could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I never will be a private secretary to a Senator again. You can't please that kind of people. They don't know anything. They can't appreciate a party's efforts.—The Galaxy.

TWICE MARRIED:

OR,

The Old Mountain Castle.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER IV.

A quarter of an hour later Sadeo again knocked at his master's door, and walked with his usual half-prying, half-stupid air into the apartment. The Marchese still sat at his writing-table with an open book before him, but the sharp eye of the servant saw that he was not reading.

"All was arranged, your excellency," he said, "and all ended as I had thought. The tower-door was left open, the wine with two sleeping powder set before me, I made a pretence of drinking it, then feigning myself intoxicated, I staggered to my sleeping chamber, and I tumbled into bed like a log of wood. Very soon that cursed hag Barbara bent over me, took away my keys, and before one could have repeated three *pater noster*, back she was in my room, accompanied by the Austrian captain. She conducted him into the garden, and then all was still."

The Marchese started involuntarily from his chair, bit his lips, and was silent.

"I remained lying down a while longer until all three were in the garden. Then I slipped off my boots, crept to the door and listened."

"You heard all?"

"All, your excellency," replied Sadeo, and then he told the story in his own way; in the main, however, conforming to truth. In conclusion he said: "The Marchesa shot like an arrow into her own apartments. I then crept again to bed, and the comedy played on. And there I heard that the captain will write to my lady, and that the witch Barbara will take his letter from the ston by the well. Would it not please you, sir, to have me write the old hag's neck?"

The Marchese, who appeared not to have heard this last question, now rose in an emotion he could no longer conceal. He paced several times up and down the whole length of the room, talking in an excited manner to himself. Suddenly he seemed to recollect that he was not alone.

"You have nothing further to relate?" he asked, looking sharply at Sadeo.

"Would you hear more?" returned the fellow, with a sly leer of his one eye, and a malicious twisting of the corners of his mouth. But finding that his master was in no humor for jest, he added in a deferential tone: "Is it your pleasure, Herr Marchese, that I bring you the letter?"

"I will not see the letter," replied the Marchese. "I only wish to know whether he writes it, and it is received. I desire you to be very observing and vigilant. Go to bed now, Sadeo. Good-night."

"May you sleep well, Herr Marchese," said the servant, and glided from the room. He was not in the best frame of mind. The manner in which the Marchese treated this thing did not please him. His anger, too, against old Barbara and the captain knew no bounds. He longed for revenge, and finally went to sleep with a curse upon them both between his teeth.

Up in the tower-chamber, at the same hour, the lamp burned, and it continued to burn long after the moon went down. Eugene sat at the table, and wrote upon a sheet which he had torn from his book. Long he remained undecided whether he should write or not. He did not fear the Marchesa's threat of exposing any further intrusion on his part to the Marchese, but he had a horror of being misunderstood, and deemed forward and inquisitive. And in what an equivocal light must she behold him, for he scarce knew what he had said to her in the garden, or if she had rightly understood. It was intolerable thus to separate from her, to leave this house and to think that he, perhaps the only one who could have restored her to life and freedom, had drawn back after the first failure. And so he wrote as his heart dictated, with plain, soldierly directness, first excusing his intrusion, and then urging her not to give up her life for lost. He knew only a few of the motives which had urged her to seek this fearful solitude. But as fortune had made him a witness of her sorrowful life, he could not return into the world and leave her to this voluntary death, before it had been proved that for the sorrow thus wasting away her young existence, there was no cure. He told her how long he had cherished her image, yet he assured her that it was no selfish passion which urged him now to

offer her this service. He had no higher wish than to see her go forth from this deadly air into a life of happiness and peace. He begged her in conclusion, to say to him in writing, if he should speak with her mother, whose duty it was to save her only child. Then he signed the letter with his full name, folded it, and sealed it with his own seal ring.

Late in the night he took the letter down to the well, and carefully laid it under the stone. The night coolness did him good. He let down the bucket, and drew up a fresh draught. Then he sat for a long time upon the rim of the well, and looked sadly through the bars of the iron fence into the dark garden. He thought over all he had written. No word would he recall. And yet he felt a strange inclination to take up the letter and destroy it. At last, to cut short this painful hesitation, he returned to his chamber and sought to sleep.

The day following was foggy and sultry. A heavy sirocco drove the vapors of the sea up into the mountains, and through the thick mist the sun could not penetrate. Under the plateau by the well it seemed that it would never be day.

"What an early riser you are getting to be, old hurricane!" said Sadeo, as coming down from the tower-chamber, with the captain's boots, he found Barbara at the well. "And yesterday you took a long walk, and had a nice time gossiping with a stranger."

"Perhaps you dreamed it, old mountain rat," returned Barbara. "You snored so loud last night, that the walls threatened to fall down over your head."

"God be praised!" said the fellow, with a jeering laugh. "I slept the sleep of the righteous. If one has a bad conscience, he's awake even upon a bed of down."

"We know you!" replied the old woman. "A glowing coal would not burn you, such a true son of the evil one as you are. Only go your own way, and leave honest people in peace. They say that good words do not break the teeth; but I would die sooner than say a good word to you."

She filled her pitcher quickly, and carried it into the house. "I wonder if he noticed anything," she muttered to herself. "It is not my time to go to the well, and when he walked out of the door I was just putting the letter into my pocket. Ah, well! if Heaven will help, the devil, with his long nose, must leave." Oh, poor, sad heart! There she goes, up and down, without rest, as usual. "Frau Marchesa!" and she knocked with her crooked old fingers upon the door of her mistress's chamber. "She would have me believe that she sleeps, but Barbara is not so easily deceived. She is offended because I let the captain into the garden. She will not see me; and yet she must know that no mortal thinks so much of her, or so seeks her good, as this ugly old creature of a Barbara. Wait, I will shove the letter under the door. Then she may take it or not, I wash my hands."

Said, done. The letter was pushed so far into the chamber that it could not fail to be seen. Then, with an air of great satisfaction, the old woman seated herself at her spinning-wheel near the window, through whose broken blinds were creeping the first gray beams of dawn. As she spun, she hummed to herself the song from the Donna Lombarda. But suddenly the door of the sleeping-chamber opened, and her young mistress stood before her.

"Barbara," she said, firmly but sadly, "I had concluded to say nothing to you in regard to your foolish proceedings of yesterday evening; I knew that you meant well, and therefore forgave you. But you are carrying matters too far; and now I tell you, that if you again attempt anything of this kind, we separate. As for this stranger, I feel for him more sorrow than anger, and therefore shall not betray him to the Marchese. He would not leave this castle alive, if my husband knew of this letter. But things cannot thus remain. Go directly to Friar Ambrosio, and beg him to come to me immediately."

The old woman stared at her mistress with mouth and eyes wide open.

"In God's name, lady," she said, "why send for Friar Ambrosio?"

"Silence," commanded the Marchesa. "I repeat to you: If you exchange the slightest sign, a nod, or wink even, with that stranger, you shall never again come into my presence. Now hasten and bring the old friar, I have much to say to him. By noon he must be here."

Then, without waiting a reply, the lady went back to her chamber, and closed the door. The old woman knew her mistress well enough to be conscious that nothing remained for her but to obey; so, with sighs and groans, she set out, forgetting even to take along her snuff box. Sadeo, whom she met in the court, saw from her perturbed manner that all was not right; that the letter which he had been careful to read before dawn, had not had the desired effect. As Barbara could not leave the castle without his permission, she told him of the hasty command of her mistress. After racking his brains to no purpose over this peremptory summons of the Capuchin friar, he concluded for this once, to do his duty blindly, and to report the latest items of information to his master.

He found the Marchese with a weary, anxious expression of countenance, standing at a window, as if he had long waited him. He listened to the intelligence brought by his servant, as if he had fully made up his mind in regard to this, and other things also.

"Sadeo," he said, while he placed letters and money in a small casket, "we leave this place in an hour. You will accompany me. Go directly to my wife and inform her. How long I shall remain away, is uncertain; perhaps months. If she has a wish I can gratify, or any grievance I can redress, she will let me know. Why do you stand there and gaze at me?"

"Herr Marchese," faltered the fellow, who stood staring like an idiot at his master; "you would—you could—but that is entirely impossible."

"After you have seen the Marchesa, pack my trunks. Take only the most necessary articles. Go now, and do not keep me waiting."

After giving this command to his servant, the Marchese closed the casket, and threw himself in deep exhaustion upon the lounge. Long he remained lying there, his eyes fixed

upon the door, and every sense strained to catch some sound from without. But he heard nothing save the ticking of Gino's watch, which lay upon the table near the casket.

At length he perceived steps in the ante-chamber; steps, whose light, hesitating fall, suddenly roused him from his reclining position. With his right hand, he supported himself against the arm of the lounge; the left, he pressed upon his heart, which seemed about bursting.

There was a light knock upon the door. With a voice scarcely audible, he answered, "Come in." The door opened, and the Marchesa walked over the threshold.

The husband was shocked at the paleness of her young face, which, for a long time, he had seen only in the gray twilight of the castle chapel. Now, the cold glitter of day fell upon it. In a timid, appealing glance, her dark eyes were raised to his. But suddenly her cheeks were suffused with a deep glow. She might have seen what lay near the casket.

She stepped back as if she had strayed into the wrong apartment. Then she remained leaning against the door-post, and summoned up all her strength.

"You are about to leave the castle, my husband," she said, grasping the cross which hung upon her breast. "I have no right to ask why you go, or where. But your sudden departure for Milan makes me fearful that something has happened to my mother. In a dream not long since, I saw her dying. In pity tell me whether or not my dream has come true."

"I hope the Countess is well," the Marchesa replied with a powerful effort at self-control. "At least, I have no intelligence to the contrary. There are other reasons which urge me to travel. As I may remain a long time away, I would know before I leave if this air agrees with you. You look pale, Giovanni. If a longer residence in this confined place seems intolerable to you, say so frankly, and I will make arrangements for you to pass the winter in Venice. The moist sea-breezes of that city would, doubtless, do you good."

"I thank you," she said, and her voice quivered. "I do not deserve so much kindness and consideration. Leave me where I am. I would die nowhere but in this solitude. Yet, if you have an ear for a request from me, do not set out to-day. Delay your departure until to-morrow or the day after."

"For what reason?" he asked.

"I would rather not tell you," she replied. "If you would only believe me that it would be better—but you are right, your confidence would be too great a boon for me."

He was silent, but his eyes were fixed upon her downcast lashes.

"I must speak at all hazards," she continued. "I was intending to confide this matter to Friar Ambrosio, and ask his advice. Not respecting my duty to you. That I need no one to teach me. But I wished to know if there were not some safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without troubling you. As you are to leave so soon, nothing now remains but to submit all to your generous consideration."

"Of whom do you speak, Giovanni?" she drew a step nearer, and closed the door behind her. "A guest in the house," she said, "who, without my knowledge or consent, has secured something of our unhappy life under this roof. He found means to speak to me in the garden. I plainly told him that I would not forgive a second intrusion on his part. But now a foolish, almost insane sympathy with my lot, which he knows only from the outside, has induced him to write me this letter. Read it, my husband, and let me show you why I do not wish you to leave me here alone with this presuming man. I wished to make him take an oath before Father Ambrosio never to speak to a living soul of what he had heard and seen here. That, or whatever proposition you may think best, is now your affair. But, upon my knees, let me implore you not to deal rashly or severely with this stranger. He means well, but he does not know that I wish nothing better than to be here provided for me."

"Now, for the first time, as the Marchesa held the letter in his trembling hands, and stood with eyes riveted upon its contents, she turned to look at him. The perfect mystery he had gained over himself, kept his powerful emotion so repressed, that not a trace of it was visible upon his countenance. He said, at length in an unimpaired voice, as if this was a matter of the utmost indifference to him:

"Find this letter very sensible. The writer certainly sees the position of things from the outside; but therefore so much the more importantly. You do him wrong in taking him for half insane. In fact, the thought has more than once occurred to me that things cannot go on in this way. I have no wish to lay the crime of cold-blooded murder upon my mind, and I shall be guilty of this if I suffer you to lead this life much longer."

"Certainly," said she, "I shall die, but you have no fault in this, my husband. And if you had, I would thank you for it, for I have nothing more in life to hope for."

"You are young, Giovanni. The shadow which has fallen upon your life will lighten. What has happened will at length fade from your memory, and your heart will be at rest. You will one day wonder how you so long existed in this dull solitude, and if I, who am so much older than you, then die, and leave you again free, the hand which I never should have taken, for well I knew that your heart turned from me—"

"You were not to blame," she said, interrupting him. "I never told you that I loved another before I ever saw you."

"But I knew it. I saw it with my own eyes. Passion blinded me. I hoped when you were mine, and saw the earnestness and strength of my affection, that I might at last drive my rival from the field. I might have known that a first love in a heart like yours would take the deepest root. Then came all as it must come, as my knowledge of the world might have led me to expect."

"No, my husband," replied the Marchesa, and her eyes were tremulous, while her large, dark eyes gazed mournfully into his face. "You do yourself wrong in saying that what has happened is nothing out of the ordinary course of events. It was indeed very young when I attached to you, but not too young."

to know your worth, to see how much nobler and better you were than he to whom I had given my childish heart. Between us I placed a deadly sin; but believe me that sin was in continuing to love Gino when I was your lawful wife, and had no right to let my heart wander from its true allegiance. I was guilty of much. The vows I plighted you at God's sacred altar were perjury, for I did not love you—my daily life in your home was a lie; but in the sense in which you thought me guilty, by the holy Madonna, I swear I was not. I have tried to tell you this before, but you would not listen. Even had you heard, you would not have believed. You will not now believe my explanation of that strange midnight visit. Gino was about to leave the country. He knew that he would not be permitted to enter your house by day, and so, under cover of the darkness, he came to bid me farewell forever. I do not blame you for thinking the worst of one who has proved himself so little worthy of your confidence and esteem."

"I thank you from my inmost heart for having listened to me so patiently. I thank you that you have not left me alone in this solitude with my remorse and sorrow, but have shared its air with me, and have made yourself an exile from the world for my sake. I shall return to my former life. There is in me now a distaste for all those frivolities and gayeties upon which once my heart was set. And what have I to hope for in a world where I can never live for you?"

"One hope I still cherish. One request I have still to make of you, my husband. Do not go far away, for when I die I would have you come to me. Come, and I can no longer speak, but can only gaze upon you, know what the glance means which in that last, solemn hour flies to you—to you whom I have learned all too late to love—and then only lay your hand upon my forehead and say, 'Giovanni, I have forgiven you.'"

The Marchesa was silent, but his eyes were closed, and his powerful frame shook, as if struggling with an overmastering emotion. "No," said he at last. "I cannot do that, Giovanni. It is asking too much."

"What, my husband?" cried the young wife with a glance of despair, and stepping back as if in mortal terror.

"I cannot wait until you die to say that to you," he stammered, and suddenly opened his arms, while a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. Half blindly, he groped his way to her, murmuring disconnected words:

"My wife—my poor wife!—forgive—come to my breast—be mine—let me be thine—God—all merciful God—let us only survive this hour, and then praise Thee—eternally!"

He reached after her hands. But she had fainted upon the threshold. Excess of joy seemed to have deprived her of life. He sought to raise her up, but let her again sink down, knelt beside her, and drew her beautiful head to his breast, covering forehead and lips with tears and kisses. "Wake up," he cried in her ear, "we now just begin to live; we have well earned the right once more to be happy; let us lose no time. I would have heard every minute, for I have lost years. Wake, Giovanni, my poor, beloved wife, wake up!"

She slowly opened her eyes, but she could not speak. Calmly, but very earnestly, she looked into his face, as if she would find read from his eyes if this were indeed real. "Will it continue to the end?" she at length found strength to ask.

"Until death parts us, Giovanni," he replied. "I now give you the first kiss of betrothal; this day you become my bride. You have suffered much, but my full, deep love shall wash away all your sorrow—all your bitter memories. You are given to me as a new being, and I take you to my heart and thank God for you. God, who has newly created you for me. Now, sit up. No, wait a moment, until I lift you in my arms." So saying, he gently laid her back upon the carpet and closed his eyes with kisses. Then he rose, walked hastily to the table, and drew something which lay there out of the window, far down into the deep valley stretching beyond the castle walls.

"The air is now pure," he said, again turning to her who still lay upon the carpet, as if sleeping. "Come now, let us talk with each other like two sensible, betrothed lovers, who plan together how they will arrange their united lives."

Then he gently raised her up and carried her to his arm chair opposite the window. There he sat down and drew her upon his knee, while she, as if in a dream, with downcast eyes listened to his words, as one drowsy in the strains of some rare melody. Many things he said which needed a reply. But, as she still remained silent, he spoke earnestly on. And from time to time she bowed her head upon his hands and covered them with kisses.

The day had cleared after a light rain. Over the cliffs, near the stone quarry, Eugene had wandered for hours. The rain had not refreshed him. His brow throbbled, and his eyes, to which no sleep had come the night before, wandered sadly and restlessly over the cool highland.

He had this morning seen Barbara go over the draw-bridge and take the path leading to the cloister. But she neither sang nor gave him any sign. Indeed, as chance turned around, she saw him standing at his window, she had, as if frightened, drawn her mantle more closely around her head and passed hurriedly on.

What could he think? Was this the answer to his letter, or was there some danger at hand which she, fearful of speaking to him here, would disclose up in the solitary wilderness?

Led on by this thought, he had vainly sought her for hours. At length he again turned back to the solitary hut by the stone-quarry, supposing she would await him there if she had anything to communicate.

The place appeared more desolate than ever. Not even a goat strayed past him. The spiders, whose gray webs hung from the rafters, sat sleepily in corners and waited for the sun to dry up the rain-drops, which had made sad havoc in this, their chosen domain. He threw himself into the darkest corner, and at length, weary of listening for the sound of footsteps echoing through that pulseless mid-day air, he fell asleep.

The noise of a strong, driving thunder-storm awakened him after some hours. He sprang up, feeling himself relieved and freed from an unnatural depression. While he

stood in the door of the hut waiting for the storm to pass over, he fixed upon a plain decision. His next business in this region was with the refusal of the Marchesa to sell or vacate his property, for the reconnaissance which he had made yesterday had plainly shown to his practised eye that any fortification of the pass, which did not include the castle in its plan, would be a vain labor. Until the next morning he would await an answer to his letter. If none came, it should be to him an assurance that fortune had assigned him no part in this tragedy.

The rain ceased and he left the hut. But he often stood still and looked back, as if he expected from behind every bush to see the old woman step forth. But no Barbara appeared.

A great surprise awaited him at the castle. The massive court gate was open, and a multitude of peasant women and children stood before it, gazing through its dim archway into the great door. Within the court stood a peasant's wagon heaped with trunks and boxes, while Barbara and a sullen-looking servant maid went back and forth from the ground floor, bringing new articles which they carefully packed upon the load. At the sight of Eugene the old woman gave an unintelligible exclamation, and nimbly climbed down from the wagon. Then calling to Martina to watch the load and not trust those thieving people, she drew the astonished young man into the house.

"Holy mother of grace! what would have thought it?" she said. "Early this morning I thought that we two should never speak another word together, for she had threatened to send me away if I even said 'good-morning' to you—and all for your letter. The Lord only knows with how many sighs I climbed up the mountain, for she looked so ghastly that I thought she surely was about to die, and wanted to confess for the last time. All the way up and back I suffered terribly from a stitch in my left side, which trouble is always sure to bring on, and all the good priest said to console me helped no more than lemonade against theague. But when we got here and I asked, 'Where is our lady, badden?' that villain answered with a countenance as if he had prophesied of the day of judgment. 'She is up in the master's room,' and I said, 'You are lying, you insolent knave, that is impossible.' 'Hush!' said he; 'impossible or not, it is true, old hurricane, and we are going away, where I hope never to see your sorrowful old face again.' You may imagine, dear sir, how I then with Friar Ambrosio sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, with my sixty-year old walking-stick—and, what think you? who sat by the master, and, as we two entered unannounced, sprang upon her feet and blushed like a young betrothed telling whom one surprise upon his lover? I have nothing more to say, for I know nothing more than, old as I am, I never before saw such a day."

"How this all came about Heaven only knows. I have asked Martina, but not a mortal word does she know. I did not grudge a word to even that scamp Saldio, and he looked mighty cunning and my story, but I marked well that he also knew nothing, and that all his listening had been in vain. But he suddenly became as pliable as a glove. For my lady, as she came from her husband's room, and saw him at work in the court, went up and spoke a while with him, and gave him at last her hand. He held fast the hand and would have kissed it, but she would not suffer this. To me the lady spoke no word, but she was very good and gentle, and has given all the clothes which she has worn here to Martina and me."

Then she dressed herself entirely in white, which I brought her out of the lower drawer, where for three years the sun has not shone upon it. As she finished dressing, I said, 'Upon my soul you look just like a young bride.' 'I am one,' she said, 'and now come with me.' And then she walked before me up to the chapel, where the Marchesa was waiting for her. And Friar Ambrosio bade the master and mistress both kneel down before the altar, and he pronounced the benediction over them as if they were now for the first time given to each other. And I fairly howled for joy. I saw how that hardened sinner Saldio drew down the corners of his mouth and wiped his one eye, but he hadn't been crying a bit."

"Ah, dear sir! how much we have lived through, and how different things are with us now than at this time yesterday. Well, scarcely had the friar ended before the Marchesa rose, kissed my lady's lips, and let her out. I did not once leave her side, but I couldn't see that the Marchesa had any idea of shooting me dead. He led his wife across the court, and Saldio came to tell me that everything must be packed, for to-morrow we are to leave the castle never to return. 'This letter,' said he, 'is for the Austrian gentleman,' then he hurried after the master and mistress, who stood upon the draw-bridge taking leave of Father Ambrosio. That is all I know. Perhaps you will find the rest in the letter."

Eugene opened the letter, which contained only these words written in pencil by the hand of the Marchesa:

"You are a man of honor, and should know how deeply I am indebted to you. You have been the Providential instrument in dispelling a most unhappy mistake, and in proving to a wretched husband that he was utterly mistaken in supposing that his wife did not love him. I no longer have any use for this letter, but will sell it to the poorest of our fair valuation, at any moment, I am well."

An hour later, in the evening twilight, followed by a boy carrying his baggage, Eugene slowly clambered up the mountain, he saw far below, among the white stones of the brook, some glittering object, which enticed him, he scarce knew why, to descend the dangerous by-path leading to the valley. He called to the boy to wait, and stepped hurriedly down from rock to rock, his eyes riveted upon the shining thing. As he raised it a strange emotion akin to horror ran through his frame. He knew that he held in his hands the very watch that had measured so many bitter hours since that fatal midnight when Gino met the lady Giovanni.

He placed the watch mechanically in his pocket. But one dark, rainy night, as he was being borne in a skiff to Riva, when in the middle of the lake, he drew forth the watch and threw it overboard.

THE END.

The Wrong Woman.

Reading an article in which Mrs. Oakes Smith relates a story of a woman proposing to the wrong man, reminds me of an occurrence that happened here some twenty years since. A distinguished professor and divine from this neighborhood was on a visit to some friends east of the mountains, and was introduced to a very respectable family which had two accomplished daughters—one of them very handsome, and the other rather plain. After spending some weeks in the neighborhood, and having frequent opportunities of meeting the ladies, he became quite enamored with the younger and prettier of the sisters. He, however, returned home without showing any preference. He was a man of very sedate and studious habits, and soon became absorbed in his books, and for a time he seemed to forget his new acquaintances. But the image of one of them seemed to be continually before his mind. After having maturely considered the matter, and having, I have no doubt, sought guidance from on high, he concluded to commence a correspondence with the object of his affection. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as he afterwards stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He had got their names transposed. The correspondence finally led to an engagement. The day was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and revered Dr. D. entered his appearance at the proper time. But what was his consternation to find that he was going to marry a lady he had not courted. But, being a sensible and an honorable man, he said nothing about it, believing the hand of Providence was in the matter, and was actually married to the sister of the girl he thought he had won. Time wore on; she proved to be a most amiable, intelligent and affectionate wife. He never told the story till after the younger sister was happily married. He never had reason to repent the mistake, and he to this day is firm in the belief that God so ordained it for his happiness. "All's well that ends well."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Proposal.

On the 14th of last February, a young gentleman residing in Leicester, sent the following Valentine to a young lady in London:

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes
Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester;
Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys,
Each Maiden Is Not Esther.

In the course of a few days he received this answer:

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Inpart
Never Entrancement Decear,
Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart,
And Never Kiss Sincere?

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks." This is the most elaborate and the most veiled way of proposing and refusing we have ever met with.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be buried to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

THE Development Philosophy must be right. Men did descend from animals, and that is the reason why so many animal traits are still left in the race. There are men hogish, and men pigish. Lovers are proverbially sheepish, and dandies are proverbially piggish. There are men that drink like a fish, and men that eat like a dragon. Some men are sly bears, some sly foxes, some slippery eels. There are people who pass current in the crowd as stupid oxen, snapping turtles, obstinate mules, serpents, hawks, wolves, tigers, jackasses. Society can show you, in human form, the spread eagle, the dog in the manger, the cock of the walk, the biggest toad in the puddle. One entire tribe in the commercial world is made up of bulls, and another of bears.

RUSSIAN TEA is yellow and delicious, being made, it is asserted, of the blossoms of the plant instead of the leaf.

THE Revue National publishes the official statistics of the number of men killed in action in the wars waged during the last fourteen years. The total amounts to 1,743,491, distributed as follows: Crimea, 784,991; Italy, 45,000; Schleswig-Holstein, 3,500; North American, 281,000; South American, 519,000; war of 1896, 45,000; distant expeditions, 65,000.

THERE is a story from California of a burglar who at midnight climbed up a chamber window and cautiously opened it. The occupant chanced to be awake, crept softly to the window, and just as the robber's face appeared, presented the smooth muzzles of two revolvers, with the injunction: "You get!" "You bet!" replied the house-breaker dropping and running. There is no more pithy dialogue on record.

THE following advertisement, in an English paper, shows how the ingredients of some of the delicate sweetmeats of that kingdom are obtained: "Confectioners.—To be sold cheap, several cwt. of Orange Peel, in good condition; the advertiser having the contract for the sweepings of all the metropolitan theatres and places of amusement, is in a position to treat for it on unusually advantageous terms. Address—"

AN old Marquesan chief on being told by a missionary that in Heaven there was no war, or hunger or thirst, or sickness, or death, replied, "That will be a good place for cowards and lazy folks who are afraid to fight and too lazy to climb bread-fruit and coconut trees."

WILL Mrs. S. ever speak the truth any more, ma? The big girls said that she had a new set of falsehood teeth.

HOW to have a big time—buy a town clock.

THE FIRST CROQUET.

Ah! bright days of summer, when croquet begins.
Makes fair lawn and garden look ten times more fair;
I took my good mallet, it cannot be sinning
To give up all work and rush out to fresh air.
How sad it is croquet's a pleasure, not duty;
How nice a profession it would be to stay
For ever on lawns smoothly rolled, and woo Beauty
In earnest, or flirt through the long summer day.

There's never a painter could mix on his pallet
The colors to rightly portray such a scene;
For yonder a maiden is wielding a mallet,
And fair is her face as the Paphian queen.
She stoops to the sword, and I fain would surrender
All chances of winning to keep by her side,
But she croquets me ruthlessly, laughs when I'm tender,
And sends me away o'er the garden so wide.

Yet I cling to the dream, and I still go on playing,
For Croquet and Cupid are ne'er far apart;
And, perchance, e'er the season has gone for the haying,
My loving persistence may win me her heart.
I'll never despair, but on days that are brightest,
I'll stray, like a moth, near my beautiful flame;
My touch when I croquet her ball shall be lightest—
If losing would win her,—I'd give up the game.

Increase of Real Estate in New York.

A life-long friend of John Jacob Astor said to him just before he died, real estate then being very dull: "Mr. Astor, don't you think you have too much real estate?" "No, sir," said the old man; "if I could begin life again, and know what I knew to-day, I would buy every foot of land on the island of New York." The leases of New York run for twenty-one years. They usually include a clause for three or more renewals at the expiration of successive twenty-one years at a new valuation. Trinity Church leases all expired last year, and the difference in price over what it was twenty-one years ago, is perfectly enormous. Dr. Cheever's congregation built their church on leased property at the rate of \$1,500 a year ground rent. The new valuation brings the ground rent for the next twenty-one years to the sum of \$10,000 a year. Stewart's new marble store on Tenth street and Broadway, which will cover the whole block, Broadway, Bowery, Ninth street and Tenth, is built on leased ground. It is owned by the corporation of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. Many years ago Captain Randall left his farm-house and twenty-four acres of land to form a snug harbor for disabled and aged seamen. The property was then valued at about \$14,000. It includes the lots on which Stewart is now building his store, and stretches away west across Broadway to Washington square. It is among the most valuable of city property. The lots on which Stewart is building were rented twenty-one years ago for \$6,000 a year. The renewal takes place this year. Mr. Stewart bought up the leases and holds the renewal. He has been paying \$6,000 ground rent to the Sailors' Snug Harbor. In January, 1868, the new valuation commenced, and for twenty-one years his rent will be increased from \$6,000 to \$50,000 a year! And so real estate goes in New York. The whole of Park Place, near City Hall, is owned by Columbia College, and those immense warehouses in and around pay tribute to the cause of education. The Dutch Church property, running from Ann street to Broadway and down toward the East River, gives the Collesiate Church an income which makes it a millionaire. While Trinity sees its domains stretching below its cathedral on Broadway, above it to Grace, and stretching out east and west like an immense fan, makes a place richer and more valuable than the gold mines of the Old World or the New.

The American Girl.

Whoever wrote the following would do well to continue in similar strain. It is from an exchange paper:

It is the belief of certain well-meaning men, who were not born in Constantinople, that if the American girl were called on to meet a proportion of her expenses by her own labor, she would be publicly a greater blessing, and personally healthier, wiser and happier. It is even believed that her ostentatious, instead of increasing, would diminish. Practiced in the mystery of keeping accounts, aware by experience of the difficulty of earning money, she would be clever enough to save it. With something to do, she would put less mind, time, and purse into the pursuit of pleasure. Mated at last with a poor man (so many are incorrigibly vicious that way) she would share his burden rather than crush him with it. If all women were thus, we would have no cause to cry, as we are sometimes tempted to do, for the slow but cheap girl of thirty years since! Whether democracy is capable of some such self-saving miracle as we have indicated, remains to be seen.

AFFECTION.—In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly, and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, that are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks—that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, that he will not make it, and, if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

A young Indian girl, perfectly wild, was recently purchased, in Terra del Fuego, for a bag of biscuits.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Protestant Cow.

Paddy Murphy and his wife, Bridget, after many years of hard labor ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency (beside supporting themselves and the "children") to purchase a cow, (of course they had pigs) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of holy water with which to exercise the false faith out of her.

"Isn't she a fine creature?" asked Pat, of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hold her till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and sat it up in a cupboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Paddy had made a slight mistake. Standing within the same closet was a bottle of *ammonia*, that had been procured for a far different purpose, and, as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she exhibited decided appearances of restlessness.

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope.

"I'll give her enough, now," quoth Paddy, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen of the "children," and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers and the delight of the dogs.

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, and, then clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowfully, and exclaimed:

"He jabsbers, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant stinner in her—the haste!"

Queries to Anglers.

Can the "skate" be ever considered anything but an ice fish?

Did "herrings" originally come from Erin's Isle? and, if so, could they by any chance have been the first "funnyuns"?

Can "whipping" a stream account in any way for the walls of the ocean, or the sighs of the eons?

Would speculating in the "Bank" of Newfoundland be necessarily a fishy transaction?

In numbering the "ova" of some fish at millions, is not their fecundity rather "ovated"?

Say that—as is often the case—fish were utilized as manure, would it take only one hundred and sixty "perch" for an acre of land?

Is it a matter of surprise that a whale generally ends in "Hubber?"

Are fishes' scales subject to the supervision of the Inspector of Weights and Measures, and are their "gills" of imperial measure?

Is the ultimate "fin" of a fish called the "finis?"

Would it be etiquette to tell an oyster to "shell out?"

How is it that the "net" takings of the fisherman are always in reality his "gross" takings?

Describe the class of fish which are caught by corals.

May a group of sperm whales be considered a "school for candle?"

An Excuse for Smoking.

In the reign of James I., of tobacco hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged in it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master, till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" quoth the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

"One had a 'raging tooth,' another colic, the third a cough—in short they all had something."

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

"Alas! all the excuses were exhausted, but the interrogated urquin, putting down his pipe, after a farrowl whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns!"

The PARLIAMANS are chuckling over a story told of a young attaché at Constantinople, who was invited some months ago to a dancing party given by Fuad Pacha at his sumptuous residence. At those balls our own etiquette is strictly adhered to, with the exception that the Turkish ladies remain in their apartments, where they are visited only by the fair sex. A young attaché, very fond of practicing the precept of Napoleon the Great, "Nothing is impossible in this world," gave him a wife of his chief and led her to the ball.

When he had reached the threshold he seemed to be inclined to span it, when Fuad Pacha, who was watching all the while, came and said to him, "Pardon me, sir, you are accredited to the Porte *chers*. Your mission is here."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—After Washington Allston, the distinguished painter, had acquired a great reputation, a gentleman carried to him a sketch, stating that it was the work of a young man, and he wished Mr. Allston's opinion of its merits, and the promise which it indicated of future fame. Mr. Allston looked at it carefully, and then said: "If the young man has wealth, and wishes to indulge in painting as a recreation, let him do so, but he will never excel as an artist." The gentleman carried the picture away, and probably Mr. Allston was much astonished to hear subsequently that the sketch which he had condemned was one of his own earliest attempts.

Why is a rooster standing on a fence like a silver half dollar? Because it is head on one side and tail on the other.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

NURSE.—"Oh! Miss Nelly! What are you about?"
MISS NELLY.—"I'm only dipping Dolly, like the bathing woman dips me!"

In Two Volumes.

One of the most perfect illustrations of "saucy," in its popular sense, with which we are acquainted, is conveyed in the reply once given by a French cure, to his bishop. It is a regulation made by canonical law that a priest cannot keep a female servant to manage a household unless she be of the assigned age of at least forty years. It once happened that a bishop dined with a cure, at whose house the prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation tour. On that occasion he found that they were waited on at dinner by two quiet, pretty female attendants, of some twenty years each. When the duce and subordinate were once alone, the former remarked on the uncanonical condition of his household, and asked the cure if he were not aware that by a rule of the church he could maintain but one menagerie, who must have attained at least forty years. "I am quite aware of it, monseigneur," said the rascally cure, "but, you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes."

Apelles, the Painter.

The art of painting probably culminated in Apelles, the Titan of his age, who united the rich coloring and sensual charms of the Ionian with the scientific severity of the Sicilian school. He was contemporaneous with Alexander, and was alone allowed to paint the picture of the great conqueror. He was a native of Ephesus, studied under Pangabius of Amphipolis, and when he had gained reputation he went to Sicily and took lessons from Melanthius. He spent the best part of his life at the courts of Philip and Alexander, and painted many portraits of these great men and of their generals. He excelled in portraits, and labored so assiduously to perfect himself in drawing, that he never spent a day without practicing. He made great improvement in the mechanical part of his art, and also was the first who covered his picture with a thin varnish, both to preserve it and bring out the colors. He invented ivory black. His distinguishing excellence was grace, "that artless balance of motion and repose, springing from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands nor overleaps the modesty of nature." His great contemporaries may have equalled him in perspective, accuracy, and finish; but he added a grace of conception and refinement of taste which placed him, by the general consent of ancient authors, at the head of all the painters of the world. His greatest work was his Venus Anadyomene, or Venus rising out of the sea, in which female grace was personified. The falling drops of water from her hair form a transparent silver veil over her form. It cost one hundred talents, and was painted for the Temple of Esculapius at Cos, and afterward placed by Augustus in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Caesar. The lower part of it becoming injured, no one could be found to repair it. Nor was there an artist who could complete an unfinished picture which he left. He was a man who courted criticism, and who was unswerving of the fame of rivals. He was a great admirer and friend of Protogenes of Rhodes, who was his equal in finish, but who never knew, as Apelles did, when to cease correcting.—*Dr. Todd's Old Roman World.*

The Stars.

How large are the stars, and are they alike, or do they differ in size? It used to be conjectured that they are of somewhat similar magnitude, presumably about as great as our sun, and that the differences of apparent size are due to differences of distance; but when astronomers came to discover that some of the smaller stars are the nearest to our system, this idea fell to the ground. A German computer has now, however, calculated the actual dimensions of one particular star, and finds that its mass is rather more than three times that of the sun. The star in question is of less than the fourth magnitude—a comparatively small one. What, then, must be the size of those of the *Sirius* and *Aldebaran* class! The reason of its selection for this determination was, that it is one of the components of what is called a binary system—two stars revolving about each other like sun and planet—and the motions of the members of such a system afford data for the computation. The star's distance from us is a million and a quarter times that of the earth from the sun, so that light takes twenty years to travel hither from it.

SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.
So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs
Whose wings around the world go free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the hand that blooms for thee
So far—so far away!

The forms that near me breathe and move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee
So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
So far—so far away!

English Dandyism.

Lord E. E., captain in the 10th Hussars, sauntered one day into the Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about him he walked into a glove's shop and asked to see some gloves. Several parcels were shown to him and he selected a pair. While trying them on he inquired of the old lady behind the counter, what was to pay. "Two and ninepence, sir." "Two and ninepence?" he exclaimed, lifting up the eyebrows; "how much is two and ninepence?" "Three shillings, all but three pence," replied the lady, smiling. "Aw," he said, "three shillings! I see." He took out his purse and placed three shillings on the counter. The shopwoman opened the till drawer, took from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit of paper, and handed them to the officer. "Your change, sir." "My change! oh! aw! yes! very good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray, have you a porter?" "There's a porter in the Arcade. Shall I call him, sir?" "Oh, thank you; too much trouble, I'm sure! aw!" "No trouble at all, sir." The old lady went to the door and beckoned to some one in the distance. A man in a faded blue and yellow livery entered the shop. "Here's the porter, sir," said the old lady. "Oh! aw! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined the officer. "My man," turning to the arched official, "do you know the Portobello Barracks?" "Portobello, sir? Sure an' it's meself that does. Haven't I a cousin in No. 5 troop of the 11th Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to him, pointed to the pence on the counter, and said, "Take that luggage to my servant at this address, and here's half-a-crown for your trouble."

Gossiping.

It is not alone in small neighborhoods that scandal exclusively operates. Out in the world it interferes with a thousand things, causing untold troubles. In trade, in friendship, in politics, its effects are seen; and half the evils of life that one encounters are caused by the obtention of some hand in his dish besides his own. How much heart-burning is caused by it, how much bitterness, how much hatred, how much annoyance! And yet those who meddle most are often very good people, who would not do any harm for the world, and are quite shocked at the results which their abominable interference has brought about. Every thing is heard to be repeated, and suggestions are made by them which afterwards become affirmations of your own, that do all manner of harm. And yet the meddlers do not know what they have done. They might, indeed, weep with you over crushed hopes that their very propensity has caused, and bear no malice in their hearts towards anybody; as an innocent colt might, in his excess of loquaciousness, kick his owner's and best friend's brains out. If people would but mind their own business, there would be less bankruptcy of comfort in society, and the machinery of life in all its departments would run more smoothly.

ONE very busy day John was sent to school to be put out of the way. At night he came home, and jumped astride of his mother's lap.

"Ma, what did you do to-day without no pud-muddle and a Johnny to wade in it?"

"I missed you," his mother said.

"Ha! you'll find out how much worth I am in this house."

AGRICULTURAL.

Poultry in Large Numbers.

The agricultural papers frequently contain articles from poultry keepers, showing certain profits from a given number of hens—from 10 to 100 generally. The writers give figures to show their alleged profits, which we often consider to be false, as we know from extensive experience, about how many eggs can be obtained from fowls, no matter what the breed is, and the expense to keep them.

The best breed of fowls, if not allowed to sit, will not average over about 100 eggs each in a year; and if we take 20 pullets and two cocks, with the best accommodations, and the best of care, in no case can one expect to obtain over 2,000 in the full year, if no chickens are raised. Now, let us figure a little:

The 2,000 eggs, at the best market rates, would sell for, say two cents each, \$40.

Now comes the cost of keeping. A hen will eat a gill of grain a day. Corn and oats are as cheap feed as can be obtained. Corn at the east, where the price of eggs is fixed, is worth from \$1 to \$1.25 a bushel, and oats about 60 cents. Each hen requires, say 45 quarts of this grain in a year, half of each, which is worth mixed, 45 quarts, \$1.25. The 20 hens and two roosters would, therefore, cost per year, \$27.50. This leaves a profit of \$12.50 on the 22 fowls, provided that none die, and that the trouble of taking care of them is not estimated at all, nor the expense of carrying the eggs to market. Our experience is that ten per cent. of every breed of fowls, on an average, die of some disease, from April 1st to December 1st.

Every fowl keeper knows this to be the case, taking a series of years together, when the fowls are kept in small numbers; but when kept in large numbers, the mortality among them increases in the ratio of the number kept and roosted together.

Now, if we deduct the value of two fowls—the probable decrease in the above lot of 22—from \$12.50—rating them at \$1 each—we have a profit of \$10.50 on the fowls, and all of our trouble and labor in taking care of them and taking their eggs to market, is not brought into the account.

It may be said that fowls will generally pick up enough food around a farmer's barn, partially to support them, and that the few of the table is often as much as a few fowls will require as food. We admit all of that, and it is in such cases that a few fowls show the greatest gains; but we are now showing what profits may be expected from keeping poultry, when all their feed has to be bought.

We are often asked the question, "Cannot a man make a living by keeping fowls as a business, to sell the eggs and raise all the chickens he can, to be sold in the fall?" or of that tenor. We answer, no man has ever yet done it. Scores have tried it, both in this country and in Europe, and met disaster in every case; and the disaster lies in the fact, that when a large number of fowls are congregated together, disease will take place, and sweep like a contagion through the whole flock. This has been the result in every case where the experiment of keeping from 500 to 2,000 fowls has been attempted.

Again, fowls require fresh meat daily, in order to thrive. These 20 or 40 fowls will obtain a supply in worms and insects, when they have the range of an acre or two around a farm house; but when 100, or more, are kept, the range is too small to enable them to obtain a supply of such insects, even if given a whole farm to range over, for the reason that they will not generally go over 20 or 40 rods from their home, at least the most of the fowls will stay about their yard, and thus fail to obtain sufficient worms and other insects, in consequence of their numbers, to lay well and be healthy.

If it were practical to have separate yards and roosts for each 100 hens, giving an acre of range to each, with shade, running water, etc., one could keep as many fowls as he desired, and not lose annually, perhaps, over 15 per cent. by mortality; but to keep two or three thousand fowls on this plan, would occupy too much space, and require too much labor to take care of them. If fed on fresh meat, however, enough to supply the place of insects usually gathered, smaller yards would answer, even a quarter of an acre to each 100 fowls.

Their roosting places, in summer and winter, should have windows so placed as to allow a current of fresh air to pass directly through them, at the same height as their perches, as the fowls will become diseased, more or less, if this is not done. In very cold weather in winter, these windows should be partially closed before the fowls go to roost, and opened in the morning. We have had our fowls become diseased, from the want of pure air, too many times, not to know what we say is true; and to have a large number of fowls roost in an underground cellar, under a barn on the side of a hill, unless the south side be left entirely open, would result in disease and loss.

In conclusion, we say, let no man be so unwise as to purchase a large number of fowls, with a view to making money by keeping them. If one attempts to enter into this business at all, it should be by slow and sure degrees, commencing with from 50 to 100 fowls, and increasing the number no faster than he could do so safely, and ensure them exemption from the contagious diseases, that cause all the trouble in the business.

RECEIPTS.

ASPARAGUS.—Use it as soon as possible after cutting; there are several ways of cooking this, each of which is good. Discard all not brittle enough to break easily, tie it in small bunches, and boil it in very little water, slightly salted, until tender; take off the strings, put it in a covered dish, add butter to the water sufficient to make a rich gravy, and thicken it with very little flour, and pour the gravy over the asparagus; be careful to lay the heads all one way.

ASPARAGUS TOAST.—Tie the stalks in small bunches, boil them in very little salted water until tender; toast as many slices of bread as there are bunches of asparagus, butter them while hot, lay a bunch on each slice of toast, add a little butter to the water, and pour it over the whole.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 8, 36, 5, 24, 9, 40, 41, 37, 6, was a Welsh Prince.
My 16, 31, 33, 13, 2, was a Greek poet.
My 55, 28, 19, 3, 34, 43, was also a Greek poet.
My 24, 7, 58, 50, 18, 12, 4, 30, 44, 23, was a distinguished American.
My 19, 21, 11, 24, 10, 40, 27, 42, 17, 23, 22, 41, 46, 26, 4, 50, was a celebrated navigator.
My 14, 51, 58, 15, 39, 29, 49, 56, 19, was a French Philosopher.
My 50, 53, 57, 35, 47, 54, was a distinguished French Republican.
My 32, 44, 48, 52, 5, 20, is a well known missionary in South Africa.
My 58, 1, 45, 6, 9, 11, is a general in the United States Army.
My whole was a distinguished Egyptian.
FRANK EDMONSON.
Oak Point, Iowa.

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 7, 2, 4, 8, is often seen in wet weather.
My 1, 10, 3, 5, is an animal.
My 5, 3, 2, 9, 3, is an instrument made use of by threshers.
My 1, 6, 10, 3, is a kind of fuel.
My whole is the name of one of the states.
Factoryville, Pa. E. CLARK.

Riddle.

My first is in rich, but not in poor,
My second's in marsh, but not in moor.
My third is in home, but not in house,
My fourth is in plunge, but not in douse.
My fifth is in cab, but not in coach,
My sixth is in utter, but not in broach.
My seventh is in wifful, but not in perverse,
My eighth is in malediction, but not in curse.
A poet's name these letters combine,
Whose verse will last throughout all time.
AMICUS.

Riddle.

My 1st is in young, but not in old,
My 2nd is in winter, but not in cold;
My 3rd is in water, but not in spring,
My 4th is in merry, but not in sing;
My 5th is in bonny, but not in bright,
My 6th is in lantern, but not in light;
My 7th is in like, but not in hate.
My whole is a large and prosperous state.
NANCY.

Geometrical Problem.

Three circles, whose radii are 6, 7, and 8 feet, touch each other externally. Required—The radius of the largest circle that can be described in the space included by them.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Ans.—An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Q.—What tree is of great use in history? Ans.—The date.
Q.—Why is an omnibus not likely to be struck by lightning? Ans.—Because it has a conductor.
Q.—What two fishes get most trodden on? Ans.—Soles and heels (eels).
Q.—What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Tart.
Q.—What bird is like a windlass? Ans.—Crane.
Q.—Why should a magistrate be very cold? Ans.—Because he represents just-ice.

Answer to Last.

TRANSFORMATION RIDDLE—Friend, (head, find, fenn, fen, Fred. (Douglas,) red, Ind, end.)

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Cut the asparagus in pieces a half-inch long, boil in water with a little salt, and add rich sweet cream to thicken the soup.

ASPARAGUS GREENS.—Boil the stalks with a slice of salt pork, in barely water enough to cover them, so that, when tender, there will be scarcely any left. Drain it and serve with vinegar; this is an excellent green, but it will be found too expensive, unless grown by the consumer.

A VEAL POT PIE.—Take the neck, the shank and almost any pieces you have. Boil them long enough to skim off all the blood. Make a paste and roll it about as thick as the end of your little finger. If it is to be boiled, butter the pot and lay in the crust, cutting out a piece on each side of the circle in such a way as to prevent its having thick folds in the pot. Put in a layer of meat, then flour, salt and pepper it, and add a little butter or a slice or two of salt pork, as you choose. If you use pork a very small quantity of butter will suffice. Do this until you have laid in all your meat; pour in enough of the water in which the veal was boiled to half fill the kettle, then lay on the top crust and cut a large hole in it to allow the escape of the steam. Watch that it does not burn, and pour in more of the water through the hole in the crust if necessary. Boil an hour and a half.

TO BAKE A SHAD.—Clean the fish, wash and wipe it dry. Split the fish, and fill it with dressing of bread and water seasoned with pepper and salt; bind the fish with cord or tape, rub it with salt, and put it to bake; when in the bake-pan, lay on the fish bits of butter; let it bake slowly until well done. Fish are often baked without any dressing.

SHAD AND OTHER FISH are sometimes roasted before the fire on planks for the purpose; they are very nice, and when roasted in this manner, no stuffing is used. In dishing baked fish, be careful to leave them whole; a mangled fish looks very badly on the table.

TINCTURE OF COCCULUS INDICUS (Fish-berries) or a strong decoction used as a wash will be dead shot for any kind of lice on man, beasts or fowls. Perfectly innocuous otherwise. Cannot say, and do not believe either that it would affect the eggs. H. K.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!